QVEENE
EL'ZABETHS LOSSE,
AND
King Iames his vvel-come.



LONDON
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Queene El'zabeths losse, and

King Iames *his welcome.*

YOu sacred sp'rits that haunt *Pernassus* spring,
Whose soaring thoughts mounted on *Pegas'* wing
Do pierce the . ies ising from lowly dust
Euen whom you list, & whom you list downe thrust.
You whom the Muses all do ioyntly greete,
Eate, and drinke *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia* sweete.
My weakeling Muse did many wishes make,
That some of you her taske would vndertake;
I thought in silence still my cares to keepe,
These are true teares, which we vnwitnest weepe.
But since my plaints I do so publicque make,
Seemeth I put on blacke for fashions sake.
This caus'd my Muse her wishes to powre forth,
Some abler wit would shewe his Muses worth.
But since in vaine: she takes in hand the same,
And sings sad Anthems to *Elizaes* name.
What, is *Elizaes* name so soone forgot?
It cannot be: how then? she heares them not.

Scarce one is found to ſing her dying praiſe,
Whom all admir'd and honor'd in her daies.
But whileſt ſhe liu'd: O God! yet ſtill ſhe liues
In heauen! *I*, and on earth. Her vertue giues
Her this: ſhe liues in her late ſubiects hearts,
Shee liues in her ſucceſſors vertuous parts,
Shee liues in him (euen in deſpight of Fate)
To whom ſhe left her vertues, crowne, & ſtate.
Her vertues fame haue built her ſuch a tombe,
As ſhee ſhall liue euen till the day of doome:
And then enioy the happie company
Of all the bleſſed, euerlaſtingly.
Her ſoule (no doubt) can now alreadie tell
What guerdon Princes haue that gouerne well.
My Muſe dares vndertake for to diſcloſe
Nothing, but what the meaneſt reader knowes.
What ſubiect liued in her happie daies
That felt no warmth from her reſplendant raies?
And feeling them, who would not ſeeke to know
The ſpring from whence theſe happie bleſſings flow?
Her birth and vertuous life are ſo well knowne,
Each one can tell as much as may be showne,

Yet cannot this my zealous dutie ſtay,
Though *I* ſhew nothing but what each can ſay.
Greenwich, VVeſtminſter, Richmond, famous bee,
For ſhee was borne, crown'd, died in theſe three.
Henry the eigth (ſprung from th'vnited Roſe,
VVhich match for Englands good God did compoſe)
Had by his ſecond choiſe this budde diuine,
VVhoſe luſtre through the world ſo cleare did ſhine;
Elizabeth whom God Almightie gaue
Fulneſſe of peace, and honor to the graue.
Fulneſſe of God, ſo doth her name import:
How well th'euent and name together ſort?
Sure theres a myſterie in Princes names,
For we do hope our royall L. King *Iames*
VVill proue a true *Maintainer* of the faith,
(As both his name and his iuſt title ſaith) Fidei defenſor.
The Pope he will *ſuppleat*, Chriſts Church *maintaine*,
Kings haue their names ſeldome impoſde in vaine.
But we put on too faſt, let's backe returne,
And thinking on our loſſe againe let's mourne.
I will not ſpeake of her exterior parts,
But of of her minde, adorn'd with liberall Arts:

Yet

Yet he that would describe them with his quill,
Had need of *Homer's* or a greater skill.
Not England only, but the world doth know
Her learned wisedome: then what need I show
What's so well knowne? how each Embassador
Shee answere could without Interpretor?
Greeke, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian,
Shee vnderstood: and spake them euery one,
Or of her knowledge in diuinitie?
Her practise show'd it most apparantly.
VVhy tell *I* this? but to lament her death,
Vnder whose happie raigne I first drew breath.
This rose is cropt, alasse, a heauie case:
But that t'is planted in a better place.
But of her life since that she liu'd so well,
Be bolde my Muse a litle for to tell:
So well she liu'd, the learnedst man of all
It to describe would finde his wit too small,
My simpler wit, doing the best it can,
Scarce shewes a droppe of that huge Ocean
Of her praise-worthy vertues, my good will
May (as I hope) excuse my slender skill.

King Iames *his welcome.*

Firſt, for her infancie and childiſh yeares
I ouerſlip; though euen in them appeãres
Matter well worthy of a brazen pen,
And leaues of hardeſt Marble: but yet when
Her riper yeares with iudgement we do deeme,
The former then we not ſo much eſteeme.
Theſe vertues then come to perfection,
The which before ſeem'd in election.
My ſlender reede doth purpoſe to ſet downe
Only ſuch vertues as adorn'd her crowne.
And firſt as chiefe of all ſhall be expreſt,
How Gods religion which her ſelfe profeſt
Shee did eſtabliſh: baniſht Poperie,
With ſuperſtition and Idolatrie.
Her heartie zeale ſought both by deed & word,
To build the ruind Temple of the Lord:
Proud Antichriſt, and hautie *Spaine* did ſtriue
To cut her off, whom God preſeru'd aliue,
Safely preſeru'd with his outſtretched arme
From murder, poyſon, and all other harme
Which Popiſh bulles, or Spaniſh gold procur'd,
Blinde zeale prouok'd, or wicked Mammõ lur'd.

Nay that indeed at which *Spaine* most repines,
She stor'd her treasury with Indian Mines:
The which her bounty mõgst her subiects parts,
And laid vp surer treasure in their harts.
Neuer was Prince of subiects better loued,
Neuer in Prince like care for subiects proued.
From poore mans sute she neuer turn'd her face,
Her meanest subiects right she still would grace.
Blest be that God who lent vs such a Queene,
Whose like before no mortall eye had seene.
The fiue and fortith yeare of her blest raigne,
Whẽ she had liu'd neare three score yeares & ten,
She paide the God of nature her last debt,
And di'de in peace, without impeach or let
Of home-bred traitors, or else forraigne foes,
God gaue this comfort to appease our woes.
Who though she liu'd and di'de a perfect maide,
Left such an Heire of whom it may be saide,
We lost the Iewell which we loued best,
Had it restor'd againe with interest.
ijssemus perijsse. We may well say; Had not our losse bene such,
(*T*'is well we may so say) we had lost much.

Richmond

King Iames his Welcome.

Richmond it was firſt brought in *Tudors* name,
Richmond it was abolished the ſame.
Henry of *Richmond* brought to vs that peace
Which al true English harts pray ne'er may ceaſe.
Now pray with me al that loue Englands good,
God would for euer ſtablish in his blood
This kingdomes rule, and theſe to it belong,
God ſtill defend them from all manner wrong.
My hopefull ſpirit ſaies it ſo shall bee,
Since Peeres and people do ſo well agree.
For now the Councell and the Peeres are bent,
A new King to proclaime with full conſent:
Both Peeres and people make the ſtreets to ring,
God ſaue King *Iames* the firſt, our royall King.
Each faithful ſubiect now himſelfe doth ſtraine
The beſt he may, his King to entertaine.
How many a ioyfull *Aue's* ſent before:
My (*Hayle*) comes limping lateſt of a ſcore.
My teares (alas) do ſo be-blind my ſight,
I wipe mine eyes whileſt they outſtrip me quite,
Yet doubt I not but that his royall minde
Holdes me excus'd, although I come behinde.

How can that heart loyall to him appeare,
That for *Eliza* cannot ſhed a teare?
He knowes her loſſe what ſubiect doth not mone,
Would do the like by him, if he were gone.
And thoſe that waſh her tombe with their ſalt teares,
Do wiſh him many, many happie yeares.
Now my blacke plume's to red and yealow turnd,
And now I ioy as faſt as erſt I mournd.
My ſorrowes all lye buried in her tombe,
Heart leape for ioy, for now King *Iames* doth come.
Come Englands hope, come hither merrily,
Bring with thee many yeares of Iubily.
The Locuſts that did wiſh *Eliza* dead,
At thy names ſound ſuddenly vaniſhed.
O if thy name had power to daunt them ſo,
(Moſt royal King) what would thy preſence do?
Thy lineall right baniſht diſſention,
Thy princely vertues wrought this vnion.
Our heartie praiers ſent before to meete thee,
Wiſh thy good ſpeed: our eies do long to greete thee.
Thoſe whom *Elizaes* loſſe wounded to death,
Thy glorious name hath giuen a ſecond breath.

The Merchant traffiques ſtill without diſturbe,
Th'artificers or trades-men,feare no curbe
Of malecontent,Papiſt,or Libertine,
Next vnto God(great King)the praiſe be thine.
The earth is till'd in peace,the ground is dreſt,
Each vnder his owne vine in peace may reſt.
Thy princely wiſedome,or thy rightful claime,
My infant Muſe dares ſcarce preſume to name:
This,hath a riper penne alreadie donne,
And made apparant as the midday Sunne:
For that,the ſpacious world full wel doth know
Thy ſelfe (heroick Monarch)beſt can ſhow.
The Princely Poet,and the Poets Prince,
That name thou art acquainted with long ſince.
Thy many vertues alſo are *proclaimed*,
Thy iuſtice and thy fortitude are named,
As peereleſſe mongſt the reſt,happie our land
When fortitude and iuſtice take in hand
To guide the helme,nay thou maiſt challenge all:
Foure kingdomes,and foure vertues cardinall.
Thy kingly vertues,thou a King canſt tell,
No other can declare them halfe ſo well.

When *Dauid* teacheth *Salomon* his ſonne,
Feare God(my childe)and liue as I haue donne.
O happie is that land when Kings ſo teach,
where vertue by example they do preach.
My Muſe weepes teares of ioy,in hope to proue
Dauid doth raigne the man whō God doth loue.
King *Iames* doth raigne whom God doth loue ſo much,
God loues them ſtill whoſe loue to him is ſuch.
Now *Saturnes* golden times wil come againe,
And now no vice our cōmon-weale ſhall ſtaine.
For as the King to good or bad doth frame
His life,the people imitate the ſame.
Thy England now doth like a longing wife
Expect thy comming;then ſhe hopes no ſtrife
Should dare diſturbe her quiet:all with one accord
Wiſh to behold their King,their dread liege lord.
And I amongſt the reſt of meaneſt place,
Throw vp my hat,and ſay God ſaue your Grace.

FINIS.

Ad Detractores

Inuidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

SNarle on and spare not, Curres will snarle by kinde,
Momus to carpe at, needs must something finde.
To striue with such, is labour spent in vaine:
Though an Asse kicke, I will not kicke againe.
VVould any know who t'was did write this booke?
He that ne're thought so many should ore-looke
His eight houres follie: yet now, hopes to finde
Kinde censure of each well-deseruing minde.
Trusting his Maiestie will pardon grant;
Accept good will, beare with his Muses want.

J

H. S.